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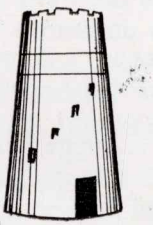
THE TOWER

Volume 11 May, 1942 No. 1

ALABAMA COLLEGE

MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA



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ALABAMA COLLEGE
MONTEVALLO

The TOWER . . . . *in Wartime*

WITH this issue we present the first wartime *Tower*—the first printed expression of the moods, impressions, emotions, and thoughts of Alabama College students while their country fights for its life.

The Tower performs two useful functions in making Alabama College's part in the total war scheme complete and effective. *The Tower* provides a means of expression through creative writing to relieve the nearly unbearable tensions that accompany these times of stress and strain, and *The Tower* encourages and develops creative thinking.

Mental and emotional health are necessary adjuncts to an efficient war effort. Pent-up tensions, unexpressed emotions, and inhibited ideas are saboteurs of healthful morale. *The Tower,* by providing an audience for the expression of all these thoughts and feelings, is going far in developing a wholesome, happy mental and emotional attitude for those students who, by writing for *The Tower,* avail themselves of this opportunity.

The Tower, in encouraging creative thinking, is preserving one of the attributes of normal life that must be protected with our lives during this time of turmoil. It must be the creative thinkers who plan and carry out our post-war world. A creative, imaginative intellect is the only starting material for this post-war civilization. There is no previous success in peace-making that can be offered as a model for what is to come after. Only the creative, the imaginative, can conceive of this world that has never been; only they can look ahead to this preservation and intensifying of the democracy we are fighting for in this world melee. *The Tower* is materially aiding in setting up an after-war philosophy if it can keep creative thinking on a high plane and encourage students to develop along these lines.

This *Tower* is a record in preservable form of the things that are uppermost in our minds—the things that seem most important to us students as we fill our places in the total war scheme.

—*Jeanne Appleton,* '42

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GOLD SLOW SONG

Moving in the smooth and even tenor of our way,
Guiding on to God and grace and glory,
Living, loving, hoping for the coming Day.
We dreamed along our calm and golden noon
Of soft and gentle breezes and the sun.
Then blow, wind—toss the sea and blow
Storming thru the mighty main,
Sweeping low on fields of grain.
You stir the dust of marching feet,
Trumpet loud the victory they meet.
Then blow, wind, your clarion call to victory.
After all the clashing and striving are done
We know the hard fought battle's won.
Golden dawning follows after night of storm,
We look again and find the shining sun,
We look again and find the shining sun.

—*Martha McRae,* '42

GOLD PEP SONG

Eye-brows leap to a startled arch,
Nostrils quiver in fear,
Approaching the news stand
With Dickens in hand
Is a bit of the intelligensia,
Frowning in pain as the news boys exclaim,
"Extra! Andy Gump comes clean!"
And looking askance at the superman's stance
On the cover of a magazine.
Keep Dickens intact and Shelley alive,
But we claim the funnies for our Golden archives.
Jiggs quit Dinty's for the College Night spree;
Maggie yells "Gold!" instead of "Come here to me!"
Little Henry, being a man of few words,
Has assembled his gang into a Golden herd;
Joe Palooka, in his Golden gloves bout,
Floored the Purples in a single knockout.
Announcing Bim Gump with his fortune to lend,
Enter the villain, "Curses! Foiled again!"
Maw Green ends it in a Kay Kyser way,
Beat it out, chillun!
It's a Golden Day.

—*Sara Harris,* '42

PURPLE SLOW SONG

Misty lies the earth,
Waiting for the birth
Once again of peace and hope and dreams.
Though our world is vanished, hidden by the night,
We know that the dawn will come, bringing back the light,
The light of joy, of rest and glory to a world now dark.
The prophecies will be fulfilled of the years long past.
We know when strife is ended, peace will come at last,
The mist will fade
To show the morn
Of peace and joy reborn.

—*Lucile Argo,* '42

* * *

PURPLE PEP SONG

All across the nation
Every man has a classification;
From the towns and from the farms
All men heed their call to arms.

But this is not just a man's affair.
The women, too, must do their share.

We find the glamor girls in a fix—
No bobby-pins, no lipsticks.
And from the housewife comes a shout,
"We can't cook in this blackout!"

And yet with all the conservation,
We've had time for recreation—
Took our fun with all our might,
Trying to win College Night.

Though we haven't fought in trenches,
We've come through tight pinches.
Our greatest form of ammunition—
Days and days of competition.

And we have fought the long duration,
But we did it with syncopation,
Won the battle of our corps,
College Night lives evermore.

—*Peggy Kirk and Margaret Price,* '43

Black Vanilla

By IMOGENE FOSHEE, '43

PANCAKE trotted down the dust-hung road and came to an abrupt stop facing the lot gate to Mr. Big John's yard. "Whoa, dah, you black angel. Hol' on dah. What is you tryin' ter do?" Solemnly he got off the make-believe horse and climbed the gate, not before making sure that Mis' Bama wasn't in sight to switch him for climbing gates. "She say hit make 'em sag to climb up on 'em."

As the ten year old darky rounded the corner of the kitchen, he saw Mis' Bama and ole Belle peeling clear seed peaches to make into preserves. "You want something, Pancake?" asked Mis' Bama.

Muddy eyes rolled toward a basket of peaches, but the little Negro remembered his manners.

"Yas'm, Mama wants ter know if you could spa'e a mess of greens. We ain't got no vegetables ner meat today."

"Yes, I guess I can. How are the twins? Lucy has had a time with those babies. Pancake, you go with Belle and get the turnips."

Belle picked out a too-soft peach and, giving it to the little boy, wagged off toward the turnip patch. "What Lucy doin' today, Pancake?"

(Slurp, slurp) "She wash dis mawnin', Mis' Belle."

Belle snatched an armful of greens out of the black ground and gave them to Pancacke. "Tell 'er I send enough for supper, too. You be careful wid dese heah greens twill you gits home wid 'em. Dey sho' is mighty nice an' tender."

"Is Mr. Big John done gawn off on Banilla?"

"Lawdy, dat man lef heah at sun-up a-headed fo' Hoss Shoe Camp. But dat hoss don't look ter suit him dis mawnin', so he leave Banilla in de paster. He out dah wid dem two little high fo'lutin' thorough bred calves dat Mr. Big John give a hunderd an' seventy-fi' dollar for. I des' do declar'! Mis' Bama jes' fu' at 'im 'bout puttin' dat much money in two little ole caffies."

Pancake was scratching the ground with his stubby black toe and twitching his buttonless overalls. Evidently he wanted to go,

but Belle was enjoying herself in the heavy, sweet shade of the fig tree. She went on talking.

"Don' mek no diff'ence how much Mis' Bama take on, he still spen' his money on some of dis heah high-notioned stock. Co's, Banilla is 'sposed ter be one of de bes' quality hosses in dis country, but dat don't make Mr. Big John 'sposed ter buy pigs an' cows an' sheeps what is so high an' mighty. Reckon he'll be a buyin' some quality smellin' goats nex', an' when he do, you kin mark hit down dat ole Belle won't be heah no more. Well, chile, I reckon you better run on home an' take dem greens ter Lucy."

Pancake broke into a run and again climbed the gate. Out on the road, he galloped as far as the first lane, then turned in and climbed the fence. Across an acre of potatoes he went until he reached a big, board pasture gate. Two leaps, and a grinning little Negro was atop the gate.

"Hey deh, Banilla," he called softly. "Banilla, how is you terday? Come heah an' I give ya some greens. What de mattah? Don't you want no greens terday? Yo' look tired, Banilla. You res' up a day er two an' you feel bettah. Mr. Big John done rode you too ha'd in town t'other day. I s'prize at him doin' dat; he ain't never done hit befo'. Banilla, I's got ter be gittin' back ter de house er my Mama gonna skin my hide. I come back ter see ya dis e'nen."

Late that afternoon as Pancake was going up the back steps with a turn of stove wood, Nellie May screamed from the china-berry tree, "Heah come Mr. Big John, git out heah whar you can see 'im, Pancake. He nearly 'bout ter tear up de road he coming so fas'."

She wasn't half through yelling before Pancake was in the china-berry tree beside her and stove wood was all over the back yard. "Good honk, look at 'im come, Nellie May! Dah he go lak greased lightnin'."

The eager little darky leaned so far out on the limb in order to see the man and horse that he fell. The ground was soft and worked with children's digging and crawling so he only added a little more dirt to his already handsome collection.

Half an hour later found a sweat-streaked little Negro turning in at the lane nearest to Mr. Big John's. Across the potato patch he saw Mr. Big John at the gate with Vanilla. As Pancake crossed the patch, Vanilla turned and stumbled down the side of the fence.

"What de mattah wid Banilla, Mr. Big John?"

"Don't know, Pancake. Looks like he's mighty sick. S'pose you run to the house and tell Mis' Bama to call long distance and get Rob Patrick at the county seat. Tell him to come out here and see this horse."

"Somethin's sho' bad wrong wid Banilla. Ain't never see Mr. Big John so worried lookin'. Go faster, legs, and git me ter Mis' Bama."

Back at the pasture gate, Pancake saw no horse nor man. "He mus' have follow Banilla down de fence. Can't see 'em nowhars. Hey, Mr. Big John!" called the little darky.

"Right down here, Pancake."

"Banilla done gone ter de branch tryin' ter drink."

As Pancake came running down the slope, he was cautioned by the man to come slow and quiet. The horse stood with one foot in the branch nuzzling at the water, but he was not drinking. It was plain that he wanted to drink and couldn't. Suddenly he threw back his head and galloped up the hill.

Slowly the man and little Negro followed, always keeping far behind the sick horse. Round and round the pasture they went.

"I guess there's nothing we can do until Rob comes. He ought to be here in another hour. It has been about an hour and a half since you went to the house, hasn't it? I wish we could get Vanilla to the barn, but I'm afraid to try to mess with him too much."

"Yassuh, he lak he got de blin' staggers ter me, Mr. Big John. Luke say dey is a gypsy doctor campin' down on de river what kin cyore anythin'."

"Aw, Pancake, you know there isn't anything to all that stuff. Folks used to believe in gypsies long time ago. You don't think he can really cure Vanilla, now do you?"

The darky knew that he was being teased, but he grinned and said, "But I be willin' ter try anythin' ter git Banilla well, Mr. Big John."

"Well, come on to the house and we'll see what the doc says."

"Don't you want me ter stay out heah an' watch Banilla so you kin fin 'im right off soon's the doctor gits heah?"

"You can if you want to, Pancake."

Banilla had run up against the fence and followed it all across the pasture and back before Pancake saw a flashlight in the distance."

"Hey, Mr. Big John. Heah we is."

"Here, Pancake, Mis' Bama sent you some cold biscuit and meat. What has Vanilla been doing since I left?"

"He done been down to de corner an' back. He stay down at de corner of de fence a long time. He go back an' fo'th from one fence to de other an' fall aroun' an' lean up against de trees an' pos' all de time."

"What you think that sounds like, Rob?"

"I won't say for sure till I see the horse, but it sounds like blind staggers."

The two men, followed by the little Negro, walked all around the stumbling horse. They got close enough to see the wildly rolling eyes, and terrifying nostrils. The two men tried to touch the horse's head and rub his nose, but each time he jumped away, staggering into stumps and bushes.

"Seems like he is pretty far gone, John. When did you see him last?"

"I went to Horse Shoe Camp early this morning. He seemed kind of tired, so I didn't take him. Thought I had ridden him too hard yesterday."

"I know how much store you set by this horse, John, but you know blind staggers. We've never found anything to cure it unless we catch it early. I'll try the serum, though. It may not be too late."

Rob Patrick and Pancake went back to the house and brought several big bottles and a satchel. Rob opened these and they tied Vanilla down between a tree and two posts. Then Rob started forcing medicine down the sick horse.

"If we can only make him drink something, it will open up the throat. That's what makes him so sick. He can't get any air down his throat and nose, and the blood rushes up to the eyes, causing blindness."

After two hours, Vanilla was turned loose. He was no better than when he was first tied down. In fact, he was really worse, Rob said.

"Of course, I can chloroform him now and put him out of his misery, John. I can see that there is no hope. He'll probably live till tomorrow noon, but you see he's much worse and the medicine's not working."

"Yes, I see he doesn't have a chance. I hate to have a horse suffer so. I guess you better go ahead and—"

"Aw, Mr. Big John, please don't pizen po' ole Banilla. Let me go git dat gypsy doctor an' see what he kin do wid Banilla. Please

don' pizen 'im, Mr. Big John, please don't. Mr. Big John, I go all de way to de river right now an' git de gypsy if you say you won't kill Banilla."

"There's nothing to those gypsies, Pancake. You ask Rob here."

"No, sonny, the gypsy doc can't do anything. I've already done all I can and all any doctor in this country can do."

"But can't we jes' try de gypsy doctor, Mr. Big John? He mought kin do some good, an' I sho' don't want to have to bury po' ole Banilla. He so purty."

John looked at the brimming eyes of the little darky and back at his friend. Rob was kind of touchy. If the gypsy was sent for—and of course he couldn't do anything—Rob would be mad and hold it as a grudge. And Rob held grudges for a long time. Another look at the pleading eyes of the little black boy and John made up his mind. That brown softness looked too much like the eyes of the horse. He felt guilty down inside for thinking of giving up without trying every possible method.

"Put up that chloroform, Rob. Let's try the gypsy. He can't hurt."

"Well, of all the darn fool notions, John. You know there isn't anything to all that stuff. Let me give the horse this and put him out of his misery."

"No, we'll try the gypsy. Are you going with me to get him, Rob? We can leave Pancake here to watch the horse."

"I won't go anywhere after a fake doctor," said Rob as he began putting the bottles back into his little black satchel.

The words came too short and clipped, and John knew that mischief was already done.

At midnight, the moon looked down on a wide open pasture and a queer tent contraption out of which black steam was pouring. Mr. Big John and Pancake were keeping a fire going. The gypsy was inside the blanket tent which almost covered Vanilla. The air smelled awful from the stuff that the gypsy was using, and the white man could not stand to put his head inside the tent.

The fire was still burning when the moon set. Once in a while a rooster crowed far off in the night. And blowing, snuffing sounds came from the tent.

At daybreak, the gypsy threw off the blanket and motioned the man and boy to loosen the ropes holding Vanilla to the ground. Slowly and tremblingly the horse rose to his feet. He looked around him with steady eyes and reached out his nose toward Pancake.

"He's well!"—from the man and boy.

The gypsy shook his head. "Not unless he drink."

Leading the horse by a short rope, they walked toward the branch. Upon reaching the stream, the horse put one foot in the branch and began nuzzling the water. The others watched him silently. After a while they could see the first movements of neck muscles. Then the horse began drinking in big, free gulps.

"Praise Jesus! mah black angel is a drinking!" yelled the little darky as he splashed into the branch and put his grinning black face up against one of Vanilla's big soft jaws.

DESIGN

The curling feathers of the red sunset clouds,
The grey-blue chiffon of the sky they decorated
Were sewn together with the threads of dying day—
So are our garments of bravery made—
Patched out of the sadness and heartache
Of a world miserable with war.

—*Mary Grace Orr, '42*

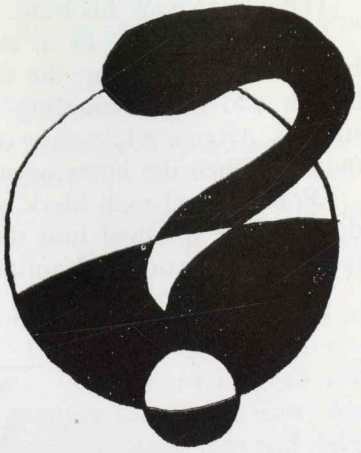
SUMMER NIGHT

Sleep, sleep, sleep—you blessed vagabond—
Ever fleeting on your padded feet—
Stay! Stay! Let me dip a little,
Let me linger, let me slip into your magic pond.

Ah, you gypsy! Gone again! Gone and far away!
Slipping smoothly through the night
White robes trailing off in grey—
Robes that fade in spangled velvet—
Sweeping off the crumbs of day—
Brushing gently, softly swaying—
Swinging, swaying out of sight—
Cooling darkness—Summer night.

—*Martha McRae, '42*

WE *Here Highly* Resolve . . .



By LILIAS HEBLON, '43

ON December 8, 1941, I sat in our college auditorium and listened to the President of the United States make his address to Congress. I heard his voice speak the words that let it be known to the world that the United States and Japan were at war; I heard the roar of the crowd as they applauded and cheered at the end of his speech; I heard the "Star-Spangled Banner" played as I have never heard it played before; and, through it all, I saw the tears of the young girl sitting next to me in that auditorium. Her brother was stationed at Manila. I sat there, trying to take it all in, what those words, just spoken by my President, would mean to me, and to thousands like me. Yesterday, we had led happy, carefree lives; today we walked out of that auditorium as from one kind of world into another.

I believe in facing facts, and I think that the first and most important thing for us to realize today is that we are at war. That perhaps we aren't responsible for the war, we don't want it, we've tried every way we know to keep out of it, but now that we are in it, we are going to have to take it in our stride. America can take it—all over the country we have evidence of that. All over our nation boys and girls who should be facing the world with ambitious hearts are found testing the flexibility of their trigger fingers, acquiring knowledge of modern warfare, learning how to kill. Yes, they are willing to lay aside their ambitions if the cause is worth it. They are finding themselves confronted with a war, not of their making, but the making of the generations who went before them; confronted, not with the problems of their making, but with the problems created by the selfishness and lack of foresight of their ancestors. They are the sons and daughters of one

"lost generation' fast becoming a potential second "lost generation." Yes, they will fight this war, but for them again I say, the cause must be worth their sacrifices. They will fight, but through that fighting they must have some assurance that war will never happen again.

You and I didn't *want* this war. But we've got. it. You and I are going to have to *fight* it. You and I are going to have to *pay* for it. You and I are going to be the ones to readjust our lives to the economic and social disruptions caused by it. There's not much we can do about that now. But there *is* something we can do. We can make it unnecessary for our children to have to go through the same thing.

If we are to make that unnecessary, then the peace which is to follow this war must already be taking shape in the minds of the people. What we must remember is that peace is made, not after a war, but during it. Walter Lippmann tells us that the fatal miscalculation of the Versailles Treaty was not due entirely to the men responsible for drawing it up—but that "the settlement which was put on paper in Paris, in all its fundamental aspects, was made during the war itself and not at the peace conference."

This being the case, if we are to guarantee the achievement of our aim to those who are giving their lives in this war for peace; if peace is made, not at the end of war, but during it, we cannot leave post-war planning until the day before the armistice is signed. Each day of the war will necessarily affect the peace which will follow. When the war is over—and it will be over—we must be prepared to step in and insure peace.

Already we have done some things: We have pulled 26 nations into a United Nations compact; we have set up an Atlantic Charter to which these 26 nations have subscribed wholeheartedly; the Pan-American Congress has also officially placed its stamp of approval on it; the democracies have set up a united military command; they have agreed to pool their economic, financial, and military resources, and have organized committees to accomplish this.

Thus for the first time we are attempting to mold during the war the peace which will follow it. For the first time we are constructively setting about to insure that the establishment of that peace shall not be a betrayal of the goals for which the war has been fought. If we can force those who make that peace to give us the peace we fought for—not some other peace—then we stand a chance. If you despise treachery, greed, lust for power, and selfish ambitions, as I do; if we, as the ones who will determine the

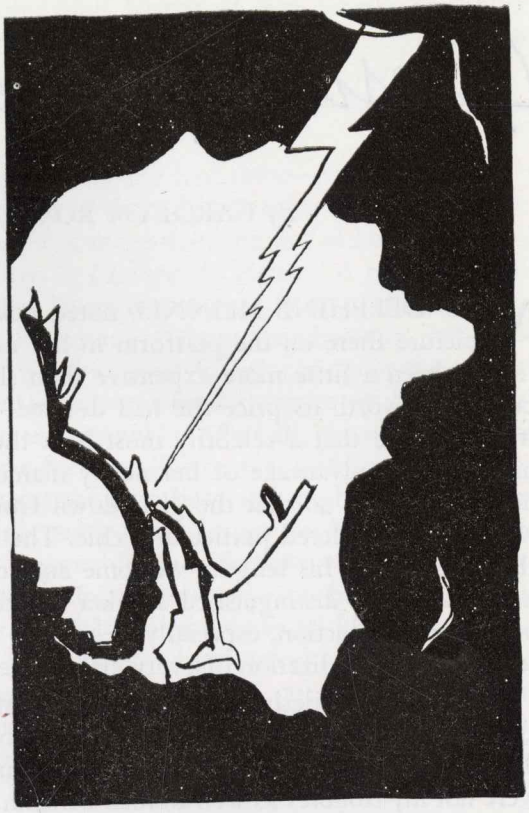
future destiny of nations, make up our minds to it; if we, as an entire nation, resolve with all our mental and physical powers that this international banditry must stop for all time — then it will stop! It will stop, if and when you and I—all of us—are willing to unite our efforts and work as industriously to insure peace, as we are now to win a war.

What must be remembered is that after that peace has been set up—our constructive duties, yours and mine, begin and we are going to have to work just as hard to keep that peace as we did to win it. What you and I are going to have to remember is that peace isn't any cheaper than fighting a war. If anything, it costs more. Are we willing to make for peace a fraction of the sacrifices we would make for war? If we can sacrifice lives and economic status to win a war, it seems to me that we can also sacrifice some of our so-called sovereignty, in the name of international justice, in order to keep peace. *If we are going to stop pouring American blood down an international rathole, now is the time to do it.*

Now is the time for us to recognize that individualism and nationalism at the expense of international interests and welfare must "go by the board." If the greatest good for the greatest number is a worthy American standard, then it should be extended so as to become an international criterion of action, by which all nations, with no exceptions, are to be judged and guided in their relations with each other.

When the international machinery has been established to insure peace, and when we have accepted the responsibility of keeping that machinery functioning, then we can really feel that we have fulfilled our obligations to future generations. Then we can be certain that we will never be accused of betraying those who follow us. Then we can rest assured that your children and mine will never have to sit in a college auditorium listening to some future president address a war message to his congress, nor see the tears of fellow classmates whose loved ones are in danger, nor experience the fears and horrors of dive bombers, shrapnel, and incendiary bombs. Their trigger fingers can be bent to create. Their minds can be trained to think of living. Their ambitions can soar and lift. They can do this, then, because you and I will have fought the good fight for peace. We will have kept the faith for those who died. We will have been true to the ideals for which men gave their lives that our children might live in safety, happiness, and peace.

Storm and After



Blow wind!—twist the grasses,
Tear through cold bleak trees,
Roar over tall, green waves
And spit white froth,
Roll up thundering banks of clouds
And rip them all asunder,
Drive on through black of night
Screaming, lashing, beating.

Stop—
In awe before the dawn
Pale rose and brushed with sun,
Softly dew the grass
And stroke the trees,
Calm the sea and
Soothe the cloud's wild tumbling.

—*Martha McRae,* '42

Guest Speaker

By CAROLYN ROWE, '42

MRS. DELPHINE McINNIS, noted novelist, made a charming picture there on the platform in her new green suit. The outfit had been a little more expensive than she could readily afford, but it was worth its price she had decided, for Mrs. Delphine McInnis realized that a celebrity must look the part. She folded her hands to the advantage of her newly manicured nails, and crossed her slender legs so that the girls down front might see her shoes, which she considered particularly chic. The President rose from his chair and began his lengthy welcome and introduction. "Students," he began, "our distinguished speaker for this memorable occasion needs no introduction, especially to a group of college girls, for she represents the realization of every girl's secret heart's desire. . . "

"Secret heart's desire," Mrs. Delphine McInnis thought. "Why, after all these years, do I still listen to introductions? Secret heart's desire, indeed!—Well, maybe I am," she concluded. And then, "But were not my troubles as well hidden beneath this composed exterior, I wonder how many of these naive children would envy me my position." Mrs. Delphine McInnis was feeling sorry for herself, and when she was unhappy she sometimes caught herself thinking in her own literary style. She had left home in a bad mood that morning. Her husband was so inconsiderate, never stopping to think what she had planned for the day when he caused his scenes. She had said to him only this morning, "Howard McInnis, you really seem to get a pleasure in seeing me so upset." This morning it had been that he wanted her to go fishing as it was his day off from the studio, and he simply wouldn't understand how important an engagement like this could be in her profession. It wasn't as though she had deliberately forgotten his fishing day, but Howard just wouldn't try to understand. "Howard can be so difficult," she thought dramatically.

President Jackson went on, "All of us realize Mrs. McInnis' importance and popularity in the literary world. The strength and humanness of her characters are acclaimed by the best critics of our

time. Can we ever forget 'Alan Norris' in her current best-seller, *I Loved An Artist*? This human, this flesh and blood man is thought by many to be the most realistic character to have sprung from a modern author's imagination." An appreciative murmuring ran through the audience.

Now Mrs. McInnis knew why she had come—why she had ever agreed to lecture in this out of the way place. At least they appreciated her here—and that was more than she got at home. Howard had laughed at Alan Norris in *I Loved An Artist.* "A recorder could have done as well on that characterization," he had said. She had known that Howard would be angry about the character, but what could she do—the book was too good to risk changing the central character, and she so needed a good book to make up for that last one. Howard could be so unreasonable. After all, she never objected when he asked her to pose for him. For years it had been one of her household rules that no matter how busy she might be she would take time out whenever necessary to encourage her husband's artistic efforts. She tried to be reasonable, but Howard was so exasperatingly stubborn about such things. However, she had decided that all in all she could put more faith in Howard's sticking by her than she could in her public, and so she had published *I Loved An Artist* and just as she had expected it had turned out a best-seller. But even that did not appease Howard. He was so unkindly frank. "What kind of a writer are you?" he had said. "Can't you think up your own plots? Do you have to print every word anybody says to you? Good Lord, I'd just as soon be married to a microphone!" But it had all turned out happily in the end, just as she had known it would, just as she had written it in *I Loved An Artist.*

The noted novelist looked up just in time to hear, "Mrs. McInnis shows in all her works a rare understanding of human nature. She seems to feel her character's every emotion."

"I wish Howard could hear this," Mrs. Delphine McInnis thought. It had hurt her a great deal when Howard had scoffed at her great gift of human understanding. "Yeah, you and Lincoln's statue," he had remarked cruelly right to her face. Well, it *was* difficult to understand Howard. He refused to cooperate in any way. He really didn't try to appreciate her books, or even her position in the literary field. He simply couldn't be dragged to any of the "functions" —not even the private ones, even though she explained over and over that all the important people would be there, and how much good such contacts could do him. But he simply wouldn't hear of it. "Un-uh," he'd mutter over his drawing board. "I'm busy. I'll

just wait and read about them in your next book. I think I'll just stick to advertising, if you don't mind." And then he would go on chewing that stupid pipe and drawing those ghastly little deformed creatures which people actually seemed to think funny. She didn't understand why Howard kept that advertising job either, when he seemed so absorbed in portrait painting, and portrait painting was so much more dignified. Then, too, she knew influential people who would be glad to help him, whenever he was ready. But you couldn't argue with Howard. It was all utterly exasperating. Howard was so difficult. Sometimes she wondered why she had ever consented to marry him. And he could be so important if he would just put himself out a little bit.

The President turned and faced her, "And so, girls, I take great pleasure in presenting to you Mrs. Delphine McInnis, noted novelist, who will speak to us today out of her experience. Her subject, 'Can A Career Woman Have A Successful Marriage?' Mrs. McInnis."

As Mrs. Delphine McInnis walked to the lectern she felt pleased with herself for having decided on that particular outfit, after all. It had been a little extravagant, but she noted again that it was worth its price, for a successful novelist must be smart. She could see her recompense in the uplifted faces before her.

"President Jackson," she acknowledged graciously, "young ladies. No doubt you have all heard the statement that a career and marriage cannot go together. To me this is the most ridiculous of all remarks, and I sincerely believe that although I have been moderately successful in my chosen profession, my marriage has not suffered. My case is not exceptional; in fact, if anything I should think that mine would be classed as one of the more difficult adjustments, but I have found that intelligence and a little patience. . . "

Saturday Night *at the* Horse OPERA

By HELEN NEWTON, '44

SETTING: Any small-town "picture show," any Saturday night a few years ago. You are sitting in the middle of the eleventh row, the first ten having been seized by one hundred eager little boys of assorted sizes, ages, and shapes, an hour before time for the movie to begin. They are eating pop-corn and peanuts, hurling the shells in handfuls across the theatre. They make noises ranging from the villain's laugh to an army bomber.

At thirty-seven minutes past the opening hour, there are three minor explosions, a series of sputters, a sudden blackout, a shout from the manager, and a gurgle of anticipation from the first ten rows. Then a sudden hush as something appears on the screen—upside down. It turns a somersault and you read the title, "The Phantom Rider of Culter's Gulch." The background music thunders louder and louder, and at last the "opera" is triumphantly under way.

A wide expanse of desert rolls past, followed by a rickety stage-coach, driven at breakneck speed by an elderly rancher and his beautiful daughter. They drive the horses furiously for several minutes, but the scenery remains exactly the same. (The horses are probably on a treadmill.)

Bang! Suddenly a shot whizzes past the rancher's hat. Immediately seven masked villains spring from a cluster of bushes which seem just to have sprung up at that moment.

Bandits: Stick 'em up! All right, Sister, you hand over the dough, and be quick about it.

(They greedily seize a large wooden box from the driver's seat. One evil-looking, mustached bandit, a half-breed Mexican, has

slipped around to the side of the stagecoach and gingerly loosens a wheel.)

Daughter: Father! Don't shoot! We're outnumbered!

(The father shoots. One of the bandits falls promptly to the ground. Simultaneously another shot rings out and the old rancher lurches forward against the railing of the coach. The horses, frightened by the noise, begin to run away. The bandits fire a few parting shots, and vanish into a convenient cloud of dust.)

Daughter: Father! Father! Oh, you dirty thieves, you've killed him! I will have revenge though it costs my life's blood!

At this moment she realizes that the horses are running away. She seizes the reins desperately, shrieking "Stop! Stop!" (The horses, whose vocabulary consists of "Giddap" and "Whoa," do nothing of the sort.) One of the front wheels rolls off, although you are certain that the *back* wheel was loosened; and the horses choose this crucial moment to desert the coach. The latter plunges crazily down a steep cliff which has reared itself in an inconspicuous place.

Daughter (clutching her hat): Help! Help! e-e-e-e-k!

You are suffocated with excitement as the first ten rows rise in a body, completely obscuring the screen. . .

But your next sight of the screen reveals a startling turn of events: The daughter, miraculously unscathed, and a tall, handsome masked rider are helping the elderly rancher into his own easy chair. The wounded rancher breathes heavily, but he is by no means dead. You are spared a death-bed scene, thank goodness, but have thrust upon you a sudden burst of romance—for the moon has popped up as if by magic, and the daughter is remembering her manners despite her recent catastrophe:

Daughter: You have saved my father's life. How can I ever thank you? But I do not know you. Who are you?

Hero: It was nothing, Miss Emmaline.

Daughter (gasping): You know my name?

Hero (his mouth moving in syncopation with his voice): I have known you ever since you were a little girl in pig-tails, Miss Emmaline.

Daughter (blushing violently): Oh! Er-I-er—Isn't it a lovely evening. But you must be hungry. You must stay to supper. . . . etc. (You doze off. . .)

Bang! You awaken to a raging fight-to-the-finish between the masked hero and seventeen vicious desperadoes. The hero darts swiftly from one rock to another, shooting down a bandit with

each shot, until his gun is jammed. He is at the mercy of—but no! With a roar of fury he flings himself upon the remaining desperadoes, and the first ten rows simultaneously charge forward, screaming, "Get him! Look out! Kill that Mexican! He's got a knife. He's gonna shoot!" etc.

And so the picture rushes on to a bloody finish. At eleven o'clock, the villains have been jailed, uttering wrathful (but censored) threats; the elderly rancher has died peacefully, willing his daughter to the hero; the ranch has been saved, Cutler Gulch freed from bandits, and numerous other wonders wrought. The picture ends in a blaze of glory. You, on the other hand, are a picture of dejection. You have peanuts in your hair. You are tired and irritable, and sleepy beyond all belief. You have spent twenty cents to see about half of a very, very corny movie. You plan to go home and head straight for bed.

Because, if you're the average person, you're going to be having a date with a corn-fed yokel who will insist on telling you about that masterful western he saw last night. He was sitting in the second row.

THIS TOO

O Lord, if you know the sins that lie heavy on my soul
Forgive me—
For I know not what I do.
If Thou knowest the turmoil that seethes within me—
Stay Thy hand.
For I am as you have made me—
The creation of your handiwork.
Begot me from the earth—
Made me from out of nothing.
Breathed a tiny bit of heaven into me—
And called it a soul.
I am the spawn of a careless moment.
The product of a wanton hour.
Thou pushed an ivory chessman o'er the board—
And lo! I am.

—*Tracy W. Exton, '44*

Ole BLUE

By IMOGENE FOSHEE, '43

OLE BLUE was one of those back-woods hounds who would never get fat. His black and white flecked coat looked like deep blue—hence his name—Ole Blue.

Blue was known as one of the best fox hounds in South Alabama. He belonged to Mr. Frank Robinson who was a great fox hunter. Now Mr. Robinson was also a timber man like everybody else in the first decade of the Twentieth Century. Having bought a tract of timber in Mississippi, he often went over to see about it and returned on a 6:00 p.m. train that pulled into Old Town every other day. As there were no horses for hire in Old Town and as Mr. Robinson always wanted to go on home that night, he would walk ten miles to the Patsalaga swamp after dark.

In those days, men were renowned for "hollerin'." A man who could yell for hours on end and be heard across the low swamps for five miles was known throughout the country. This Mr. Frank Robinson was just such a man.

The night would be clear-starred and snappy when Ole Blue pricked his ears and sat up on the porch of the back-woods cabin. He would trot down the steps, jump the fence, and sit in the middle

of the sandy road. After a quarter of an hour of meditative listening, Ole Blue would send a joyous howl to the dog saints and advance a hundred yards down the road toward Old Town. Here he would howl for fifteen minutes, while the children back in the cabin said, "Paw's jest 'bout comin' down Horse an' Buggy Hill. Let's go out an' set on the fence till he comes."

Ole Blue moved every few minutes farther down the road to meet his master. During the intervals when Ole Blue was silently single-footing down the sand rut, the little children could hear a man's deep rich voice coming out of the river swamp. At first it was very faint, then Blue would howl; and when he stopped, the voice could be heard again—louder. A row of silent, waiting children squatting on fence posts listened for the dog and man.

Thirty or forty minutes of waiting and the children could hear neither the dog nor the man. "Bet he met 'im at the river," the children told each other. "They'll be here in a little while now."

This happened every time the man returned from Mississippi, the dog always hearing him long before the sharp ears of the swamp children picked up the deep vibrations.

The next morning, Frank pitched Blue several biscuits, loaded his shot gun, and went hunting. The family needed fresh meat, and anyway Frank was too tired after his long journey on train, boat, and foot to take Blue fox hunting yet. But the first clear night the next week they did go fox hunting.

Blue struck a trail before they were half a mile from home. Sounding a gleeful yelp, he started running—up the ridge for half a mile, crossing it where the old chinquapin tree stood, and down on the other side out of hearing. "He'll probably cross the branch and cut over that ole Davis field," thought Frank as he stepped in a hole he had not seen in the dark. "Then I'll hear him again when he comes out on the hill." Frank walked up on the ridge expecting to hear the dog's baying any minute. Not a sound broke the stillness as the man stood on the ridge. He strained his ears for a dog's running bark, but heard only a pack cat-trailing across the river. "Must have lost the trail when he jumped the branch," thought Frank. "Maybe he's quarter of a mile up the branch by now. It's time he was pickin' up that trail again."

For half an hour Frank Robinson waited for some sound from his dog. "Must have gone up the branch and out of hearin' before I could get up here," remarked Frank to himself. "I'll jest mosey up toward the old salt licks at the head of the bluff an' see what I kin hear."

Slowly Frank Robinson eased himself down on the big log overlooking the black gum thicket below the bluff, and taking out a plug of tobacco, bit off a huge mouthful, and chewed, and listened, and thought.

"Wonder where that confounded ole fox done took Ole Blue? Could be they went down the branch instead of up. I believe I'll go down thar an' see what's doin'."

It was toward midnight when Frank reached the forks of the branch. He had neither seen nor heard signs of the fox hound. Of course, Frank couldn't find tracks in the dark, and it was certain that the dog was acting unusual.

"Wal, reckon Ole Blue knows the way home good's I do. Guess I'll go on home an' turn in. Can't wait on that hound all night."

Up at daylight, Frank could find no Blue about the house, although he did a great deal of calling and whistling.

"Now he mought have got caught in a fence somer's. I 'spec I better go 'round an' see if I kin find 'im."

Frank Robinson crossed the ridge and went around the fence of the Davis field. Then he went up on the hill and walked around that fence.

"By the sun I guess it's 'bout ten o'clock. Reckon as how I'm already this fur, I might's well go on over to the post office. They may be somebody over there who seen 'im or heered 'im last night er early this morning." Frank spat at a lizard and swung into a steady walk that brought him to the piney woods post office in half an hour. It was really a store, but the keeper acted as postmaster and received mail by horse and rider three times a week from the county seat.

"Howdy, Rock, seen anything of my ole dog?"

"Nope, Frank, shore ain't. I'll ask anybody thet comes in, tho'. You aimin' to hang around a while?"

"Naw, (spit) reckon I'll go up the branch 'tween now an' dinner. Couldn't even find no tracks this morning. Right smart dew last night."

Back up the ridge ole Frank trudged, heavy-hearted. He looked the branch and fences well--no Blue. "He's shore hung up down the branch somewhere."

Three o'clock found a puzzled Frank at the forks of the branch. "Now whar you reckon that critter is?" Frank asked the branch. "Dog-gone if I ain't haungry. I'll go back to the store an' git somethin' to eat an' see if Rock's got any word."

Perched on a sugar barrel eating crackers and cheese, Frank received the news that there was no news. The two men talked as to the whereabouts of the dog. "Couldn't be stole', ain't nobody that crazy 'nough in this country," said Rock.

"Naw, he's in trouble somewheres an' can't helf hisself," decided Frank. "An', Rock, I'm er gonna find that dog if it's the las' thing I do. He's shore in trouble," Frank said as he went out of the store.

Until late that night, Frank went over the fences he had checked earlier that morning. The second day he enlarged his territory and included several miles of swamp below the branch forks.

People around in the neighborhood kept an eye open for the well-known dog. In spite of all this, sundown of the fourth day yielded nothing.

Most of the folks thought that Ole Blue had chased a fox clean out of that country and then couldn't find his way back again, but Frank Robinson had better sense than that. Blue was somewhere right close around, and he was in trouble.

"Maw, I'm gonna take out jest like me an' Ole Blue done the other morning, an' I'm goin' jest like I thought he would. I believe that hound went over the ridge 'bout where that ole chinquapin is. Then he went down the ridge an' crossed the swamp on a direct line with the ole chimney of that burnt homestead in the Davis field. Next he streaked out acrost that Davis field an' up the hill kinda side ways. An' from then on, Maw, I don't know where he went, but I'm goin' to go jest like that in the morning an' see what I kin find."

So early on the fifth morning, Frank set out. Everything went well as he came up on the ridge. He was calling Ole Blue, but as the deep pine echoes of the man's voice came back to him from the swamps, he could detect a wistful note. It wasn't quite as expectant as a real call. "How could it be?" thought Frank.

Down the ridge, across the branch and dry field he went. About half way up the field, Frank heard a strange noise as he paused to catch another breath before calling again. It sounded like some dog whining, yet there was a strange gargling noise mixed with it. Frank stood silent a long time, but he heard it no more. "Believe I'll yell again."

Another yell, and the same dog whine. Poor Frank jumped in his tracks. Were there ghosts 'bout that ole homestead? An' in broad open daylight too!

Again the whine. "It's coming from that ole place all right. Wonder what it is? Might as well go an' see."

The whines led Frank to an old sunken well near the chimney. Peering down the fifteen feet of straight earthen walls, the man saw Ole Blue standing up to his ears in stagnant water.

"Hold on, ole feller, I'll git me an' you a rope here in no time an' have you out of that place." Frank went streaking across the field toward the post office and in an hour was back with a long stout rope and a little darky.

"Now, Pete, this here rope is tied good an' don't you be afeared that I'll drap you, so you jest grab that dog when you git down thar an' yell."

Once the dog was on solid earth again, he shook his blue coat, winked an eye at the morning sun, and trotted after his master.

As they crossed the branch, Frank took off his hat, and filling it, let Ole Blue have a drink of good fresh water. "That oughta fix ou till we get home, ole man."

Half way up the ridge, Blue struck a fox track and couldn't resist. Off he went.

"Well, I'll be consarned," whooped Frank. "Look at that dog—stayed five days in a well and can still chase a fox on a hat full of water. I knowed it, I knowed it. Blue, you are a great dog!"

REFUGEE

Who are you to speak
Who's never seen a soldier fall
Nor stopped the gush of blood;
Nor seen a thousand homeless ones
Go stumbling through the mud.
You've heard and read
The hells of war,
And seen a few that know;
And wept when battle cries were sung
And ached to sing them more.
Beg grace of those who know
The feeling now, a lilting joy,
A peace, a faith of old
In every nighttime's change to light
And every sunset's gold.

—*Sara Harris,* '42

Junior *Prom*

By PEGGY KIRK, '43

IT WAS one of those drippy Saturday afternoons when Gene Autry was on at the local horse opera and there was nothing to do but study or sleep. Now Garrett and I aren't the book-worm type—the dean'll vouch for that—but when Dr. Sherrill threatens his botany class with one of his extra-special, shot-gun, cover-all quizzes, it's enough to cause even the most rugged individualist to dive into a book and pull a paragraph in on top of her head. Self defense!

We'd squinted down the barrels of our mics so long that the appendages to the perithecia of ump-teen million powdery mildews were beginning to look like telegraph wires after a storm. Botany's fine; it's interesting and stuff—but there are times when it's just one of those things. And to top it all, our last staunch fellow-buggist had just bounced into the lab babbling about birds, bees and flowering trees. I don't mean scientific names, either—I mean love. Now Garrett and I may be planning to be career women—what junior in a college for women isn't?—but we still maintain that there's more to this love stuff than the affinity of one carbon atom for another. I think it was about then Garrett remembered that the Junior Prom was the next week-end and naturally we were still escort-less. Enough gloom is too much, so we packed up our slides, locked up our mics, and left to drown our sorrows in a couple of double malts.

Garrett and I go to one of those highly accredited southern colleges, complete with ivy, bricks, trustees, and too darn many flowers of southern womanhood. Not that we don't love the place—we do, but definitely! But you see, the Junior Prom is supposed to be a big event in our young lives, and Garrett and I simply didn't have any trade-in value. You see, if a girl has an available brother who can be traded for someone else's brother, she rates plenty and she's got the Prom in the bag. Garrett and I have brothers—and they're a bit of all right — but they're flapping wings for Uncle Sam; so it seemed that the only men Garrett and I would see on the night of the Prom were the ones in the biology department—under glass. To summarize—we were as blue as tention violet, and that's not exaggeration.

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Garrett's a stickler for this "health for victory" stuff, so while she was struggling with her galoshes (invariably too small—pride!) I went over to Adolescence Alley to shovel up some sheckels. The Alley is where we live and it is inhabited by a slew of super-vertebrates. I was hastily going through a stack of pocket books—end of the month, savvy?—when Abigail entered. I said "entered" because Abigail makes entrances. She may have a name that brings back fond memories of lavendar and old lace, but she wields a wicked lipstick and she attracts males like a magnet attracts iron filings. She dribbled into Garrett's Tabu perfume with the poise of a Maltese feline. Perhaps you wonder why Garrett would possess a bottle of Tabu—it's for glamour children—but in pre-war days, Tabu was almost as good barter as a brother.

"Oh, deah, this is de-vine. Isn't Garrett the lucky one!" cooed Abigail.

"Yeah," said I, and went on plundering.

"I suppose you both are going to the Prom," she purred, dabbing on the Tabu.

I sneezed, caught sight of a nickel and did a half-twist to grab it.

"Proms are such de-lightful affairs," she purred. "Really, I can't imagine why you and Garrett aren't excited about it."

"Three guesses," said I. "Put the stopper back on that olfactory stimulant when you finish. 'Bye."

If there's one thing I don't like, it's cats!

When I found Garrett she was gloating over a handful of mail. One each from our mothers and an extra one for me. While Garrett guzzled a lucious emulsion of malt, milk, and polysaccharides, I ventured to open that precious epistle. It was short but to the point:

Brat:

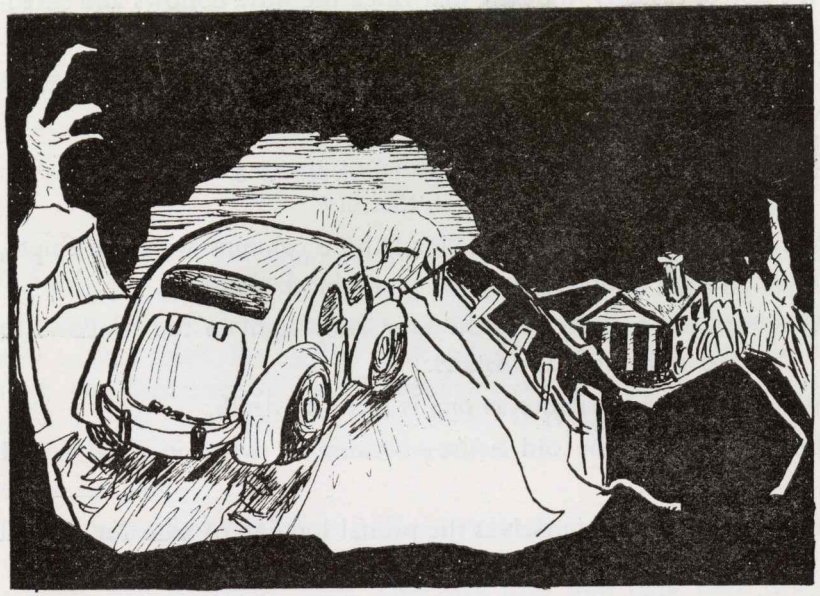
We're going ashore next week-end and if you'll be good and comb your hair, I'll come by and see you on the way home.

Love,

Bud.

And that's how we went to the Junior Prom.

You don't understand? It's as simple as a pleurococcus. You know how Navy fliers are—come one, come all. Only it really was come one, come six. Abigail was astounded, naturally; and so was Pop when I wrote him for an allowance advancement. You see, Junior Proms come but once in a lifetime; and, as I saw it, Navy men don't swim under every gal's microscope!



BACK ROAD *through the* NIGHT

By CAROLYN NORRIS, '42

We drove along the back road through the night.
The fence posts and old trees appeared and disappeared in the glow of the headlights.
It was a scene in black and grey and blue.
We talked of Twentieth Century things,
How rough this unpaved back road was,
How many fronts the war had gotton on,
What picture shows we'd lately seen.
You reminded me I had a date with you some midnight soon to see the furnaces in the valley from the the top of the hill.
We talked of these old farms we saw and of the city just forty miles away.

We noted, casually, the mist that filled the little hollows and shredded as we butted through it.

Then you saw the house and stopped before it.

We sat in your automobile with the red plaid seat covers

And looked at the four white columns rising greyly in the moonlight, rising hazy through the mist.

We saw the big box house behind those columns with the empty, staring windows and the wide, black doorway.

We watched in chilly fear the grey lamp light in the windows to the right and downstairs.

We were awed to silence as one is awed by death,

But we wanted the old house—because of what it stood for, I suppose,

Be cause we felt in ourselves the primal longing of man for ground to call his own and a castle unto himself.

But the spot was haunted

And the deep misery and mystery of years and wars and death and living

Closed about us in the mist—

You kissed me

There in your Twentieth Century automobile, enclosed in glass and warm—you kissed me.

You and I were all that was alive in that black and grey-blue night.

You kissed me—

But the four white columns rose behind us in mist and moonlight,

And the dim light shown in two right windows downstairs,

And the misery of years and wars and death and living

Could not be shut out by glass

Or warmed.

Just then the headlights of another car coming toward us

Lighted up the fog ahead so that it showed concentrated silver light.

You said,

"I've never seen a dawn more beautiful,"

And when the car went by

We started on.

Elick EAR-LAP

By IMOGENE FOSHEE, '43

OLE Elick Ear-Lap squinted his good eye at the sun and guessed it to be around 7:00. He had two hours to lope over to Triad an' catch No. 4. He knew the conductor on No. 4 an' would be able to ride free. He used to have more fun scarin' ole Sam Lunsford. Ole Sam Lunsford an' Houston Harrison used to live pretty close to each other when they wuz boys. He reckoned he would tell Sam that he wuz goin' to see ole man Houston. He hoped he wouldn't be too late.

The letter had just come to the swamp bridge yesterday, but it was dated a week ago. Ole man Houston's grand-younguns wuz a givin' him torment. Thet letter had said that they were three times meaner than he ever wuz, an' he hated to have to ask ole Elick to come, but he just didn't know anything else to do.

Of course he didn't mind coming, thought ole Elick as he sat down on the train. Why that was his business—keeping children in the straight an' narrow. He had shore raised ole Houston Harrison well. An' now the pore ole feller was er needin' 'im ag'in. But not in the same way, chuckled the ear lap. Of course, that Houston might be a needin' of the devil. The devil was s'posed to skeer growned up folks so's to make 'em be good, and Elick wuz s'posed to skeer little folks. He done a lot better job than the devil did, too, an' he wasn't jes' cold braggin', either.

Now they was one thing that ole Elick Ear-Lap liked to have never got figgered out. He didn't know why it was that something that was s'posed to scare grown people, like the devil, and couldn't scare younguns, too. Then one day he heerd a maid say that a certain little girl's daddy came in the other night "lookin' like the devil." He guessed that little children whose parents looked like the devil wouldn't be afraid of the devil an' so ear-laps was for them kind of little children.

He didn't limit himself just to little kids wid folks that looked like the devil. When he saw a mean little boy, he jes' got so mad that his ears got all stiff an' starched lookin'. He had a bad habit of banging his ears against the ground when he was mad, an' they

made an awful noise. But the noise was so scary that sometimes he didn't have to use his long sticky tongue to lap off bad children's ears.

The train was passing through a large town now. All the noise and whamming irritated Elick. He hated them ole car whistles. They hurt his ears something awful. Dog-gone, he didn't see why they had to blow all the dratted time anyway.

He would be glad when they passed that town. He hadn't had any trouble with Sam Lunsford. Sam was a queer one. Reckon travelin' round all the time must make him that a-way. Sam had asked him how old he was. Why, John Dog Jim Sucker! He didn't know how old he was! He couldn't ever remember when he hadn't been old. He tole ole Sam that he didn't change none from year to year, 'ceptin' his ears an' they always got a little longer each year, 'cept leap year, then they peeled off. He reckoned his ears was related to a rattlesnake's rattlers — ever year another rattler was added, an' ever year some more ear was added.

He guessed it was his kind of life that made him so ageless. He lived all alone in the great pine flats of South Alabama an' the bay swamps of North Florida. In all his travels about that country, he had never run up on another ear-lap. An' he had never been sick a day in his life an' was still spry. Ear-laps were always spry until the day they died, an' somehow or nother, ole Elick knew that he would never die as long as he lived.

Elick looked out the window and observed that he was approaching the city. He felt kind of butterflyery in the stomach. He had the address of Houston an' he reckoned he could find the house pretty easy.

As soon as he got out of the station he began looking for the numbers on the houses, but they wasn't any. What queer houses they was too. People went in an' out all the time. And so many people lived in one house. Of course, the houses were very big. Praise ole Jonah! Listen to that car whistle an' right behin' 'im, too! Whoopsey! That crazy car rolled right over his long tail and ears. Elick trotted up the middle of the road at first, but so many cars went skinnin' by till he edged over to the side. It was excitin' all right. You had to keep your ears tuned for everything. Finally he got up on the little porches of the big houses an' trotted along. You could look right in the people's houses an' they looked so funny. They didn't have no chairs an' beds, an' stoves like decent folks. They jest had big square boxes standin' roun' an' you shore couldn't sit on them 'cause they wuz too high.

One house had the funniest door. It looked like an ole-timey water mill standing on end. Elick stood an' looked at the folks goin' in an' out that door. They got in between the spokes an' got half way 'round an' jumped out an' they wuz in the house!

Elick wished he could go in that house, but he was skeered to knock. A little boy was runnin' up an' down on the porch (funny thing about these porches—you couldn't tell where one stopped an' the other began.). He asked the little boy, "Who lives in that house?"

"Why, you ole mongrel, that's a who-tell. Anybody can live there."

Elick didn't know what a mongrel was, but he was goin' in that who-tell thing, all right. Yes sir, he was goin' in to see what that contraption looked like. He watched a big fat man go in an disappear. Then he took a deep breath and poked his nose between two spokes. It nearly got pinched, so he waited for the other spoke. It was too fast. He couldn't see 'em comin' in time. Elick backed off where he could see good. Then he made a flyin' leap an' landed running right between two spokes. Round an' round he went. Elick wondered where you got out. He didn't see no place to get out. Every once in a while fresh air brushed him an' he thought shore he was coming out soon, so he ran faster. All at once he heard an awful noise like a wildcat saw mill whistle without enough air, only this was higher an' a lot worse. He turned his dizzy head an' saw a whole lot of people lookin' at him. Then they were gone, they were back again. There was a big grown man blowing a whistle like a little mean boy. Then he was gone, there he was again. Elick realized that he was still running. If he saw that man blow that whistle again, he didn't care if he was a *man,* Elick was goin' to do some ear-lappin'!

Sure 'nough, Elick saw the man again. His ears got stiff all over and Elick leaped at the man. A great shout from the crowd of people skeered the livin' daylights out of him an' he slipped between the big man's legs an' started to cross the road.

Oh Lordy! Heah come a whole drove of them there cars, jes' a blowin' their whistles like it was Judgment Day. He believed he could get across the road before they got there. He got half way 'cross an' was goin' like greased lightnin' when one car whizzed by at the tip of his nose. Elick called a halt, but his ears flopped over his head an' slapped the hard black road like three guns shot off. Elick continued across the road.

Ye gods in rosin! There was that awful wildcat saw mill whistle right behind him! Run, Elick, the thing is after you. Get behind me, Satan, and *push!*

Down the road shot Elick, winding in an' out amongst cars, passin' and walkin' away from ever-thing but that awful screechy whistle. Another whistle joined the first an' now they were both behind him—almost on his long trailing ears.

The people he saw began actin' so funny. They were all screaming and pointing at him like he was a two-ton catfish. Poor Elick began to feel self-conscious. He came to cross-roads and started to take the right hand, but cars were sitting there staring at him. They were on the left hand side, too. He was hemmed in, so straight ahead he ran. At every cross-road he was blocked.

What in thunderation am I goin' to do, thought Elick as the two whistles screamed at his ear tips. What is that smell! Sap risin' in maple trees. A whole lot of maple trees. They were somewhere close. If he could only get to them, he could rest an' feel a whole lot better. Bet them whistles wouldn't be blowin' round maple trees. He began following his nose and taking rights and lefts whether they were filled up with cars or not.

At last he ran silently between two big posts and slid under a cool bush. As he lay there panting, he heard children's pleasant voices. Being children's voices, they sounded like a lullaby to the poor ear-lap. As the last sheep shed three bags full (he always counted five sheep), Elick thought that he had wasted his time by painting his tongue with a new coat of rosin, but he had wanted his tongue to be real sticky so the ears would come off easy.

Suddenly a high scream sounded near him. A little boy yelled, "Give it to me, brother!"

"Naw, go'o; you don't want it now. "Look, I done tore the handle off."

The little fellow was crying like his little heart would break while the ole big 'ern was jes' laughin'.

Elick stood up and his ears cracked the ground in front of him. He ran out his long, black, sticky tongue and sliced one of the bad boy's ears off.

Away ran the boy yellin' an' hollerin' fer his grandpappy. If his grandpappy hadn't of spared the rod, the child would never of been spoilt.

He heard somebody say, "See, Hous; I tole you that the ear-lap would get your ears if you weren't good to your little brother."

"Will he give 'em back to me?" wailed the other voice.

"If you are real good."

"Did he ever give yours back, grandpaw?"

"You see 'em on me, don't you? Com'on an' let's go find the ear-lap an' see if he'll give yours back."

Yep, I'll give 'em back, but he's shore gonna have to wash 'em, chuckled Elick. Pine rosin is the devil to get off, too.

THE LAST LEAF

The last leaf hangs in pitiless fear,
So browned, shriveled and dry,
No wrinkled twin on which to rub
And tune a melancholy sigh.
No other leaf on any limb
To whirl from wintry blasts,
A relic of a greater day
Ignobly hangs till last.
As its deadened stalk gives way
And floating down to join the mass,
A bit of life has had its fling,
And, falling, leaves no aftermath.

—*Sara Harris,* '42

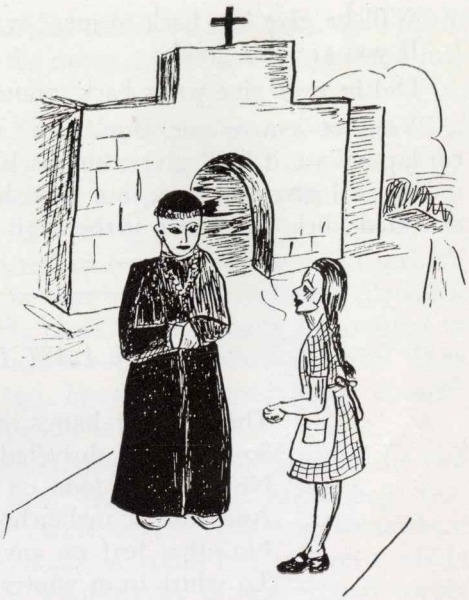
WEALTH

Around your feet in grand array
A multitude of trinkets lay,
And tightly clapsed in folded fist
A jeweled bit of morning's mist.
Clothed in colors richer than
A sunset in a foreign land
A host to come at beck and call,
And yet the irony of it all,
You scorn the things at your command
And weep for treasure in other hands.

—*Sara Harris,* '42

Cajan

By **Carolyn Rowe, '42**



THE SOFT, damp heat of the Cajan swamp grew with the morning, creeping even into the shadows that clung about the pine trees. Deep in the swamp, Maria's thick, black braids bumped up and down on her back as she half-trotted down the bumpy country road. As she jogged along, she held her books clutched tightly to her, and with the other hand fingered the rocks she was carrying in her apron pocket—just in case. One-two-three-four-six-seven—seven rocks, and there were just four Napply younguns. They'd better hope they didn't meet Maria; and yet she dreaded walking past their house. Maria always walked pass white folks' houses just so they couldn't think she was running because she was scared.

Maria wasn't scared of any white younguns that ever lived. Trash, that's what they were. Wouldn't go to school. Most of them dipped snuff. Plain white trash. Lot of nerve they had, hollering things at her. Seven rocks and only four Napply younguns. Deliberately Maria threw two of the pebbles out of her pocket.

Maria's mother didn't understand why she kept going to the Mission. She had finished the sixth grade and that was all the schooling that they had for Cajan younguns. There was a lot of things the girl had better been doing than trotting off every day. Maria was fourteen years old and could be a lot of help with the babies if she'd stay at home like any other girl her age would.

There was only two things a Cajan girl could do—get married, or be an old maid, and Maria had better be looking for a husband before she got too old. But the girl was so stubborn; nobody could tell her anything.

Maria's mother hoped God would forgive her for criticizing the Sisters and the Father, but nobody had any business putting such nonsense in a Cajan girl's head. Go to Mobile to high school! Who ever heard of such? What Mobile school would take a Cajan girl —and what Cajan would want to go to school with the white folks when she knew they didn't want her. But the priest had asked especially that she let Maria come to the Mission, and so she had agreed—that is, she would let the girl fool around until somebody came to marry her, and then she would settle down quick enough.

Maria slowed her gait to a walk. She decided she'd take the long way through the woods rather than pass right by the Napply house and have them run out and yell, "Nigger! Yah-yah, Maria is a nigger!" They'd made up a rime that they yelled when they saw her coming. "Hippety-hitch, hippety-hitch — Here comes that little Cajan bitch." White-trash! It used to bother Maria. She used to scream back, "Cajans aren't niggers! They're French — They're French and Spanish. They aren't niggers!" But it never made any impression. Her people had been screaming that for generations, and it had never made any impression on the white folks. So now she just threw rocks. White trash! What did they know, anyhow! Maria's eyes burned as she turned off into the woods. She knew that some day her brothers were going to hear about what they called her, and then there'd be trouble, so lately she just turned off through the woods.

"They'll sing a different tune when I come back from Mobile," she thought as she neared the Mission. "Ain't none of them's got a girl who's finished with high school. The Father might even get the Bishop to let me in a college. And when I'm through with college, I'll teach in a white school." Maria laughed aloud with the sheer irony of her statement. They wouldn't let her go to school with the white children, but who'd care if she was a Cajan if she'd been to college? She pictured herself sitting at a desk before a multitude of blond children. "What is the largest river in the world, Sara Adams? You don't know. Well, I'm ashamed of you for being so ignorant. It is the Amazon River in South America, of course." On and on her dreams expanded until she came to the Mission.

"Talking to yourself, Maria? the priest called to her.

"Yes, Father."

"I will walk as far as the chapel with you, and then you can talk to me instead—if you don't mind."

"Oh, no, Father," Maria was very serious. "I hate to trouble you, Father, but I would like to know if you have talked to the Bishop about me yet?"

The priest was silent a second, "I hardly know what to say, my dear. School costs a great deal of money, and we are not sure whether or not we can spare so much right now. Come in the chapel with me a few minutes, Maria. You may tell Sister Magdeline I detained you. We ought to talk this over thoroughly." The man and the child entered the chapel reverently, knelt in the presence of the altar, made the sign of the cross, and then went into the priest's little office. "How long is it that we have had the mission school?"

"Three years, Father. Before that there was only the county primary grades? Why do you ask?"

"Because I suddenly realize that I have been here three years and know so little about your people. You come to school. You come to the Masses. You are good Catholics. You are all polite and friendly. I come to your house and you all rush out to welcome me, but still I feel that I don't know you, that I don't know how you feel inside. Why is that, Maria?"

"I do not know, Father."

"Your people are hot-tempered and bitter, and yet when I come to see you, everyone is so gentle." The priest put his head down in his hands. "I guess I can't explain it in words, my child. I don't understand it myself; how could I expect the Bishop to understand? You see, Maria, we have had the Mission such a short period that the Bishop in Mobile has not had time to make the people there understand about your colony. We talked your situation over at great length, and he thinks the people in Mobile would not understand if you were to go there to school. It's just as it is here, dear child—just as the people around here don't understand your colony and so condemn you. You see that, don't you, Maria?"

"Of course, Father." Maria sat still and straight. She didn't see—not at all. Why should they mind? She wouldn't hurt their school. But she knew what the priest meant. She had always known that. And so she sat there still and straight and womanly.

"But if you could get away from Alabama — if you could go North to school. Then you would be no different, Maria. People

there understand the Cajans better. You would like that, wouldn't you? You are such a pretty child."

"Thank you, Father."

"It would cost a lot of money, though, such a lot of money, and we get so little here at the Mission. But I have worked out a plan, and the Bishop approves it. Would you like to go to school in the North, Maria?"

The girl sat stiff and said nothing. There was a long silence and the priest continued, "When I visited your home to ask your mother to let you keep coming to the Mission, we talked a great deal about your future. Your mother showed me the beautiful silver and old jewelry, and she told me that some day all of this will be yours. Your heritage is exquisite, Maria. In fact, I never saw anything like it. And so I spoke to the Bishop and he believes that with his help, you could sell these things for enough money to help you to go all through high school. Then when you're through with high school, Maria, you can go on and on, as long as you are willing to work for what you want. I promise you that, a girl of your ability. You could teach in the white schools, you could work in a big office in town. You could help your people, Maria."

"But I can't sell the silver, Father."

"I know it would be hard, my child. I understand that it has been passed down in your family for generations, but think what it would mean to you. A new life. Recognition. You would never have to be ashamed again."

"I am not ashamed. We can't sell the silver."

"But why? I can't believe it." The girl was silent, but she looked straight into his face. "Can't you tell me why you will not sacrifice this little bit of silver, so that you might help your people? I cannot believe you are so selfish, Maria."

"I cannot sell the silver because my ancestors brought it from France. May I be excused, Father?"

"Of course, if you want, dear child. Maria, please do not make your decision today. Think—think about it a while."

Maria walked slowly to the door, tall for her fourteen years. Then she turned and faced the priest. "I will be at Mass Sunday, Father."

"But this is only Wednesday."

"My mother needs me at home. There are things there to learn for I will be getting married soon."

The priest looked after her as she walked slowly up the rough road into the woods. Then he knelt there in the doorway.

Softly, through dim darkness,
In the light of faint stars rising
Through the mists of early spring,
I follow down the languid curve where the hill is ending
And the valley begins to begin.
Here I am stayed to see the pine-crowned hills in the starlight.
There is no language soft enough
To sing rich rhythms caught by hills rolled gently up against
each other,
Slowly rolling down to valleys,
Down to rivers,
Down to flat plains,
Down to sea.
There is no language full enough
To tell of pine-crowned hills in spring.

—*Carolyn Norris, '42*

LAMENT FOR THE DEAD

For you no longer, O lover of earth,
The misty mountains, the gentle rain,
The sun.
No more, O son of summer,
The leaping waterfall, the ice-held brook,
The moon.
Not again, O worshiper of trees,
The tangled paths to mountain's crest,
The wind.

Once again I ride the paths we took
To reach the three-state view from Eagle's Nest,
But the view is hidden from me
By the tears of mountains
Weeping for the lover they have lost.

—*Lucile Argo*

HUMILITY

Because He made you
And blessed me
With moments that you shared,
Because He let you care
When I cared,
Because He guided you to me—
Dear God, I bow
Deep
In my humility.

—*Sara Harris,* '42

RENASCENCE

Sweep me clean with one swift stroke,
Let all that has been be no more;
Wash me bare as waves that broke
And carved away Gibraltar's shore.

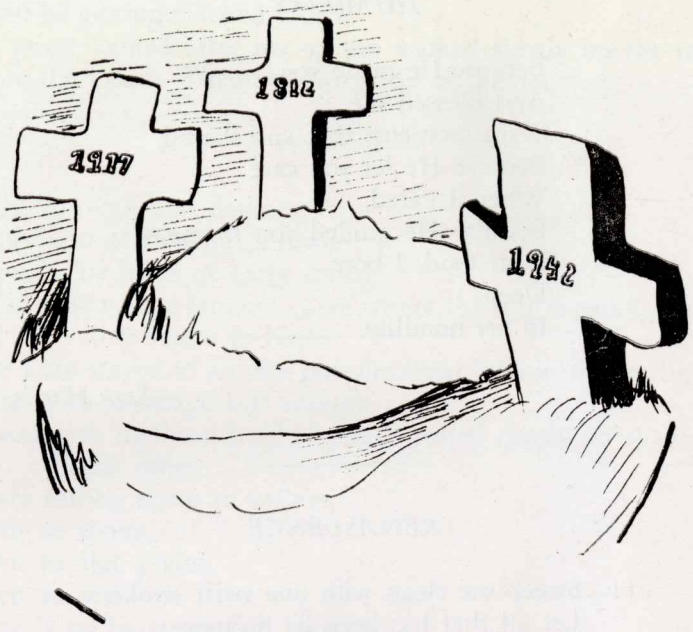
Tear away the webs of dark,
Let me stand with face upturned—
Wait for God to set his mark
Upon a soul where fury burned.

—*Martha McRae,* '42

FLARE

The fires flare up to left and right
And still the clutching hand of night
Closer draws around them.
The flickering wind blown fires in rain
Flare and die and flare again.
And none is master;
Neither fire
Nor wind
Nor rain.

—*Carolyn Norris,* '42



DUST TO DUST

Why, God, why?
What is this we're about?
We with our long, low, smooth fields
Ready for the harvest;
With our pinnacles and turrets
And tents;
With our ocean-going steamers
Beating through the waves;
With our slim, slick guns
Digging out new graves.
We, who flew above the earth,
Forgot the ancient call of birth,
Had built up castles great and grand,
Forgot the basic truth of man—
Now, yes, now—
For nought is our belated trust,
Must fall and die
And give again our dust to dust.

—*Martha McRae, '42*

SECURITY

By LAURA WATSON, '44

NORA looked at her husband. She knew even before he spoke that whatever he had to tell her was important. All afternoon, after he had come back to the farm, something had been worrying him. Half a dozen times she had been prodded by curiosity to ask him, but somehow she hadn't. Now as she watched the light from the lamp make tiny shadows on his tired face she was glad she had waited until this peaceful moment, when anything he might say would be accompanied by the sound of the crickets, and the hush of the breeze in the two big oaks outside. If the news were bad, the old familiar sounds would lessen the sting; if it were good, she wanted it to be spoken with the crickets and the wind as a part of her joy. She leaned forward. "Yes, Dan?" she said, and waited.

Her husband smiled at her gravely. "Noreen," he spoke, and there was no laughter in his voice, "I had an offer for the farm today; I think I'll sell."

Nora looked down quickly at a patch on her dress. Sell the farm! Sell their tiny seven acres! Surely Dan was bringing on one of his Irish jokes. She raised her head.

"You're not serious, are you, Dan?"

"*Very* serious, Nora, dear."

"Then where would we go?" she looked at him helplessly.

"That's all a part of it, Nora. There is a place open in the munitions plant in Linton—a good job, supervisor. I talked it over with the boss yesterday. A man with a wife and child would be a fool not to take it."

Nora said nothing. She ran her finger around the tiny ridge of the patch, and kept her thoughts to herself. Dan went on, his blue eyes looking at her with concern.

"You'll not have to wear rags in Linton, and there'll be a good school for Timmy."

Nora still said nothing, but her face was troubled. It was true they'd had a hard winter. There had been times when she had ached with cold and weariness, but through it all she never thought once that Dan might sell the farm. She could remember Dan's telling her that all his life he'd wanted a place—no matter how small—of his own. Ground he could stand on and say to the world, "This is mine; this is my grass, my tree, and my air that we breathe.

This is my heaven, as far up as the eye can reach." They'd worked so many years to buy seven acres and build on it a tiny house just large enough for the two of them and young Timmy. There had been no complaining, no grumbling about the electricity, the plumbing, the other things they didn't have. To sit on the steps in the grey-purple summer twilight and watch the stars had been happiness enough to make up for all the modern conveniences they missed. There wasn't much money to live on, but the satisfaction that comes from eating vegetables you have watched take growth and drinking fresh milk you have milked yourself from a dark brown cow, whose name—oddly enough—was Lily, made up for that, too. She wondered what they'd do with Lily when they sold. And with the old horse—Tobias—that Dan hadn't really needed but had felt sorry for when he saw him beaten. And with the two dogs, the chickens, and Timmy's pet goose? What would happen to all of them? She looked at Dan again, and found him gazing at her. Her answer was ready.

"Whatever *you* want, Dan."

For she knew in her heart that Dan meant more to her than any farm in the world. "Whither thou goest—"

Dan pushed back his chair and got up. The light threw his shadow on the wall as he walked past her and stood by the door, looking out into the night. After a long while of silence he turned around.

"I'm thinking of all of us, Noreen." He seemed to be arguing with himself. "We'll all be better off; you need things. . . and Timmy. Linton's a good place to live. A big city always has advantages. The job will pay well, and we'll be able to have what we need again."

"Yes, Dan," Nora answered quietly, thinking of the Spring sunlight of early morning, of the long fields stretched away in the summer moonlight, of the deep woods at noon.

"Then it's settled." Her husband spoke determinedly. "Within the week, I'll see about it. Let's not say any more about it."

And no more was said, but the thought seemed to lie over the house like dust. Even Timmy, when he woke up, was aware of a difference. Nora watched him playing with the goose, and thought of the question he'd asked when he finished breakfast.

"Mother," he had said, his eyes grave like Dan's, "why aren't we laughing today?" Nora had smiled and told him to go play, but

she couldn't lift her eyes to look at Dan across the table.

Slowly she turned back from the window to her cooking. She wondered if Dan were thinking her thoughts, too. So often they had found themselves sharing the same idea and they had giggled over it like children. "Great minds or fools, one," Dan would say. How could he walk around in the warmness of the morning, watching the new life of Spring, caring for the horse and cow and chickens, feeling the companionship and trust of the two dogs, without having the thought of selling close around his heart like a squeezing hand? On your own piece of land you were King and Queen. In the city, you became just another couple with a child. What difference did being poor make, when you could pick up a handful of the black, fragrant soil and say: "This much of the earth I own." How could apartment buildings and paved streets and running water make up for that? If you could bring up your child with the trees and sunlit sky of God all around him, what were the four walls of a schoolroom for learning of life? Better the honest laughter of the joy of living than all the great knowledge from a closed-in city school. Was Dan thinking of these things, too? When it came to Timmy, the little wood schoolhouse down the road could teach him the three R's, and she and Dan could do the rest.

She dusted the flour off her hands and went over to the window. It was always best to keep an eye on Timmy; he was so quick. The distant woods were all too near as far as Timmy was concerned. Yes, there he was, over by the corn crib. She looked again. That wasn't Timmy, it was his little blue jacket hanging on the side of a jutting pole. "Timmy," she called. No answer.

"Timmy!" louder.

Where could he have gone when it's so near dinner time? she wondered. A six-year-old doesn't wander off if he's hungry. Leaving the bread she was making, she went out to look for him. No Timmy came to her call. All of his favorite places were strangely lacking in clues. Nora told herself to be sensible. He couldn't have wandered very far. Nevertheless, a twinge of fear pricked a frown on her forehead. Dan came through the west gate and she called to him, "Have you seen Timmy?"

"Timmy?" Dan thought a moment, then he came toward her. "Have you looked everywhere?"

"Everywhere," she answered, casting a last look about the yard. "Oh, Dan, where do you suppose he is?"

"Now, Noreen," Dan put his arm around her shoulders. "I guess he started for the woods; don't you worry. I'll bring him in. You go back to your dinner. I'll find him."

But Nora shook her head. "I'll go with you."

Dan grinned at her as though he hadn't expected her answer to be different. "Come on, then, old lady. We'll catch him before he reaches the woods, don't worry." He took her hand and they started out, calling Timmy's name as they went.

To Nora it seemed that they walked and called for hours. How could one little boy have managed to get so far in such a short length of time? The noon sun was hot on her head, and she was frightened, but she managed to control her feelings. She wrapped Dan's strength and calmness around her like a cloak. Dan called out again, and almost at the same time they heard a small, far-off voice, "Mother, Daddy!"

Nora caught Dan's arm. "Thank God," she said reverently. Dan held her comfortingly.

"There, there, Noreen, I told you we'd find him."

It was a lovely sight to see Timmy running toward them in the April sunshine. Nora knelt, and he ran straight into her hug. When they started back with Timmy between them, his hands in theirs, Nora asked, "Timmy, dear, whatever made you want to go to the woods?"

Timmy looked at her seriously. "Spot was chasing a rabbit, an' I was 'fraid he'd hurt it so I chased Spot. I just got started, I guess. Then the woods looked so pretty, all green, like they were calling to me an' 'fore I knew it I was most there. I'm sorry, Mother. It's just. . ." He was searching for a word. After a moment, he grinned triumphantly.

"Abs'lutely thrilling!"

Over his head, Nora and Dan laughed at each other with their eyes.

Later, very much later, Dan stood at the sink washing his hands. "Nora," he said slowly, with a heavy, apologetic voice.

"Yes, Dan?"

"Noreen, we'll not be selling the farm."

Nora put her hand on his shoulder gently. "I understand," she said.

SMOKE

Smoke goes—where?
From its thick-based churn,
It stretches to a vapor tip;
Upward, reaching for the sun,
Like a slow and growing arm;
Twisting, drifting, dwindling,
Out and away into mystery.

—*Laura Watson,* '44

FOOL

"Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—
Fool of fools
To think that such
Could come of such.
Blood was shed in that high comedy—
Blood is shed again
For
The acts are unending
For
"All the world's a stage"—

—*Martha McRae,* '42

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